

(Dee, you poppin' your shit, nigga)

Let's go

She wanna fuck me, she brought her lil' buddy
Niggas talk shit and this bitch will get ugly
I'm pumpin' gas with the Draco
Bad bitch with me, I think she from Clayco
JRoc and Demon, they with me, they gon' let it blow if I say so
I'm not from Mexico but I got pesos
All this talk, go get the bread and then lay low
Stick in the back, and the barrel got air holes

Let's go

Shooters like soldiers, they hop out in camo
FN57 and 105 ammo
This shit is serious, don't smile in the bando
Trappin' in Jordan's, I'm rockin' the Gamma's
Mexican plug look like Carlos Santana
Tatted BC on my arm, that shit branded
Sippin' on Quake and they sippin' on Brandy
Left out the office and went to the apartments
Lil' mama bad as hell, love when she arch it
I'm doing push ups and pull ups inside of my free time
We used to have racks, now it's checks on the decline
Defensive coordinator, I send the d line
All black cat, I be whippin' the feline
Lowkey today, I'ma scam in a Nissan
Lookin' like Meech with the brick in a Yukon, yeah
Picked up the phone like, "How many you buying?"
Hung up on shawty, he wasting my time
Pulled up on shawty, goddamn it she fine
I'm goin' hard, I'm just reachin' my prime
Feds in my [?] Columbia dry
June he just dropped so I'm slappin' a fire
Can't do a show without taking my fire

Let's go

She wanna fuck me, she brought her lil' buddy
Niggas talk shit and this bitch will get ugly
I'm poppin' out with the Draco
Bad bitch with me, I think she from Clayco
Just walk with demons, they with me, they gon' let it blow if I say s
o
I'm not from Mexico but I got pesos
All this talk, go get the bread and then lay low
Stick in the back, and the barrell got air holes